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Oxford Democrat

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POETRY.

From the Brother Jonathan.

Shadows.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

Skirting with gold, Heaven's tranquil blue,
Aurora opens the smiling dawn:
Through drapery of resplendent hue,
Hope breaks—the sun of manhood's morn.
As fade the stars before the day,
Melting to nothing in its eye,
So fade in young Hope's glowing ray,
The joys that gemmed the infant's sky.
Long, pleasant shadows throws the morning sun—
Hope too, foreshadows large, the good unwon.

The sun has risen above the wave,
It looks down on the mountain's brow—
The shadow that the morning gave,
In measure vast—where is it now?
So shrinks Hope's promise—still is man
Panting in his meridian day—
The phantoms with which morn began,
In Hope's bright dawning—where are they?
Noon breaks the word of promise made to morn:
Hope of its gaudy dawn-dreams all, is shorn.

As gilds the West Sol's fading light,
Strong shadows back on earth are cast:
Hope turns to heaven in ardor bright—
In twilight shades it vests the past:
Eve welcomes, in its holy gloom,
The bright-night of another dawn—
Hope's setting rays the grave illume,
From whence will break eternal morn:
Shadowless day the waking soul will view—
Man, perfect made, will shades no more pursue.

New York, September, 1840. H. H. W.

My Happy Village.

I tread each gay and pictured hall,
Where all seems bright and fair,
And nought but smiles and sweet words fall
From lips that know no care.

But what are joys like these to me,
Though 'neath a gilded dome,
When my heart in secret sighs for thee,
My happy village home!

Round my form are pearls, and gems, and gold,
In many a costly wreath—
Chains that in shining mock'ry hold
The prison'd heart beneath!

As the bird, that golden bars confine,
The free air pants to roam,
So I for thee in splendor pine—
My happy village home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dead Boxer.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

One evening in the beginning of the eighteenth century—as nearly as we can conjecture, the year might be that of 1720—some time about the end of April, a young man named *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke, or strong-handed O'Rorke, was proceeding from his father's house, with a stout oaken cudgel in his hand, towards an orchard that stood at the skirts of a country town, in a part of the kingdom which for the present, shall be nameless. Though known by the epithet of *Lamh Laudher*, his Christian name was John: but in these times Irish families of the same name were distinguished from each other by some term indicative of their natural disposition, physical power, complexion, or figure. One, for instance, was called *Parra Géasta*, or swift Paddy, from his fleetness of foot; another *Shaun buie*, or yellow Jack, from his billious look; a third, *Micaul More*, or big Michael, from his uncommon size; and a fourth *Sheemus Ruak*, or red James, from the colour of his hair. These epithets, to be sure, still occur in Ireland, but far less frequently now than in the times of which we write, when Irish was the vernacular language of the country. It was for a reason similar to those just alleged, that John O'Rorke was known at *Lamh Laudher* O'Rorke; he was as well as his forefathers for two or three generations, having been remarkable for prodigious bodily strength and courage. The evening was far advanced as O'Rorke bent his steps to the orchard. The pale, but cloudless sun hung over the western hills, and shed upon the quiet gray fields that kind of tranquil radiance which in the opening of summer, causes many a silent impulse of delight to steal into the heart. Lamh Laudher felt this; his step was slow, like that of a man who, without being capable of tracing those sources of enjoyment which the spirit absorbs from the beauties of external nature, has yet enough of uneducated taste and feeling within him, to partake of the varied feast which she presents. As he sauntered thus leisurly along, he was meet by a woman rather advanced in years, but still unusually stout and muscular, considering her age. She was habited in a red woolen petticoat that reached but a short distance below the knee, leaving visable two stout legs, from which dangled a pair of red garters that bound up her close blue hose. Her gown of blue worsted was pinned up, for it did not meet around her person, though it sat closely about her neck. Her grizzly red hair, turned up in front, was bound by a dowd up without any border, a circumstance which, in addition to a red kerchief, tied over it, and streaming about nine inches down the back, gave to her *tout ensemble* a wild and striking expression. A short oaken staff hooked under the hand, completed the description of her costume. Even on a first glance there appeared to be something repulsive in her features, which had evidently been much exposed to the sun and storm. By a close inspection one might detect upon their hard angular outline, a character of cruelty and intrepidity. Though her large cheek bones stood widely asunder, yet her gray piercing eyes were very near each other, her nose was short and sadly disfigured by a scar that ran transversely across it, and her chin, though pointed, was also deficient in length. Although, her whole person had something peculiar and marked about it—so much so, indeed, that it was impossible to meet her without feeling that she was a female of no ordinary character and habits.

Lamh Laudher had been, as we have said, advancing slowly along the craggy road which led towards the town, when she issued from an adjoining cabin and approached him. The moment he noticed her, he stood still, as if to let her pass, and uttered an single exclamation of chagrin and anger,

'*Ma shaughth milia mallach ort a calliagh!* My seven thousand curses on you for an old hag,' said he, and having thus given vent to his indignation at her appearance, he began to retrace his steps as if unwilling to meet her.

'The son of your farther need'nt lay the curse upon us so bitterly all out, Lamh Laudher!' she exclaimed pacing at the same time with vigorous steps until she overtook him.

The young man looked at her maimed features, and as if struck by some sudden recollection, appeared to feel regret for the hasty maladiction he had uttered against her. 'Nell M'Collum,' said he, 'the word was rash; and the curse did not come from my heart. But Nell, who is there that does'nt curse you when they meet you?—Is'nt it well known that to meet you is only another name for falling in wid bad luck. For my part I'd go fifty miles about rather than cross you, if I was bent on any business that my heart 'ud be in, or that I cared any thing about.'

'And who brought the bad luck upon me first?' asked the woman. 'Was'nt it the husband of the mother that bore you? Was'nt it *his* hand that disfigured me as you see, when I was widin a week of being dacently married? Your father, Lamh Laudher, was the man that blasted my name, and made it bitther upon the tongue of them that mintions it.'

'And that was because he would'nt see one wid the blood of Lamh Laudher in his veins married to a woman that he had reason to think—I don't like to *say* it, Nelly—but you know it *is* said that there was darkness and guilt to, about disappearin' of your child. You never clear'd that up, but swore revenge night and day against my father, for only preventin' you from bein' the ruination of his cousin. Many a time, too, since that, has he asked you in my hearin' what became of the boy.'

The old woman stopped like one who had unexpected trod with bare foot upon something sharp enough to pierce the flesh to the bone, and even to grate against it. There was a strong, nay a fearful force of anguish visable in what she felt. Her brows were widly depressed from their natural position, her face became pale, her eyes, glared upon O'Rorke as if he had planted a poisoned arrow in her breast, she seized him by the arm with a hard pinching gripe, and looked up for two or three minutes in his face with an appearance of distraction. O'Rorke, who had never feared man, shrunk from her touch, and shuddered under the influence of what had been, scarcely without an exception, called the 'bad look.' The crone held him tight, however, and there they stood, with their eyes fixed upon each other. From the gaze of intense anguish, the countenance of Nell Mc'Collum began to change gradually to one of unmingled exultation; her brows were raised to their proper curves, her colour returned, the eye corrusated with a rapid and quivering sense of delight, the muscles of the mouth played for a little, as if she strove to suppress a laugh;—at length O'Rorke heard a low gurgling sound proceed from her chest; it increased; she pressed his arm more tightly, and in a loud burst of ferocious mirth, which she immediately subdued into a condensed shriek that breathed the very luxury of revenge, she said,

'*Lamh Laudher Oge*, listen:—Ax the father of you, when you see him, what has become of *his own child*—of the first that ever God sent him; an' listen agin an' when he tells me what has become of *mine, I'll* tell him what has become of *his*. Now go to Ellen—but before you you go, let me *cuggher* in your ear that I'll blast you both. I'll make the Lamh Laudhers *Lamh Laugs*. I'll make the strong arm the weak arm afore I've done wid 'em.'

She struck the point of her stick against the pavement, until the iron ferrule with which it was bound dashed the fire from the stones, after which she passed on muttering threats and imprecations as she left him.

O'Rorke stood and looked after her with sensations of fear and astonishment. The age was superstitious and encouraged a belief in the influence of powers distinct from human agency. Every part of Ireland was filled at this time with characters, both male and female, precisely similar to old Nell M'Collum. The darkness in which this woman walked, according to the opinion of a people but slightly advanced in knowledge and civilization, has been but feebly described to the reader. To meet her was considered an omen of the most unhappy kind; a circumstance which occasioned the imprecation of Lamh Laudher. She was reported to have maintained an intercourse with the fairies, to be capable of communicating the blight of a evil eye, and have carried on a traffic which is said to have been rather prevailent in Ireland at the time we speak of—namely, that of kidnapping. The speculations with reference to her object in perpetrating this crime were strongly calculated exhibit the degraded state of the people at that period.—Some said that she disposed of the children to a certain class of persons in the metropolis, who subsequently sent them to the colonies, when grown, at an enormous profit. Others mantained that she never carried them to Dublin city at all, but insisted that having been herself connected with the fairies, she possessed the power of erasing, by some secret charm, the influence of baptismal protection, and that she consequently acted as an agent for the 'gentry' to whom she transferred them. Even to this day it is the opinion in Ireland, that the 'good people' themselves cannot take away a child, except through the instrumentality of some *mortal* residing with them, who has been baptized; and it is also believed that no baptism can secure children from them, except that in which the priest has been desired to baptize them with an especial view to their protection against fairy power.

Such was the character which this woman bore, whether unjustly or not, matters little. For the presnent it is sufficient to say, after having passed on, leaving Lamh Laudher to proceed in the direction he had originally intended, she bent her steps towards the head Inn of the town.—Her presence here produced some cautious and timid mirth, of which they took care she should not be cognizant. The servants greeted her with an apparent show of cordiality, which the unhappy creature easily distinguished from the warm kindness evinced to vagrants whose history had not been connected with evil suspicion and mystery. She accordingly tempered her manner and deportment towards them with consummate skill. Her replies to their inquiries for news were given with an appearance of good humor; but beneath the familiarity of her dialogue there lay an ambiguous meaning and a cutting sarcasm, both of which were tinged with a prophetic spirit, capable, from its equivocal drift, of being applied to each individual whom she addressed. Owing to her unsettled life, and her habit of passing from place to place, she was well acquainted with local history. There lived scarcely a family within a very wide circle about her, of whom she did not know every thing that could possibly be known; a fact of which she judiciously availed herself, by allusions in general conversation that were understood only by those whom they concerned. These mysterious hints oracularly thrown out, gained her reputation of knowning more than mere human agency could acquire, and of course she was openly conciliated and secretly hated.

Her conversation with the menials of the Inn was very short and decisive.

'Sheemus,' said she to the person who acted in the capacity of waiter, 'where's Meehaul Neil?'

'Throth, Nell, dacent woman,' replied the other, 'myself can't exactly say that. I'll be bound he's on the *Esker*, lookin' afther the sheep, poor crathers, durin' Andy Connors' illness in the small pock. Poor Andy's very ill.—Nell, an' if God has'nt sed it, not expected; glory be to his name!'

'Is Andy ill,' inquired Nell, 'and how long?'

'Bedad, goin' an ten days.'

'Well,' said the woman, 'I know *nothin'* about that; but I want to see Meehaul Neil, and I know he's in the house.'

'Faix, he's not, Nelly, an' you know I would-'nt tell *you* a lie about it.'

'Did you get the linen that was stolen from your masther?' inquired Nell significantly, turning at the same time a piercing glance on the waiter; 'and tell me,' she added, 'how is Sally Lavery, and where is she?'

'It wasn't got,' he replied, in a kind of stammer, 'an' as to Sally, the nerra one o' me knows any thing about her, since she left this.'

'Sheemus,' replied Nell, 'you know the Meehaul Neil *is* in the house; but I'll give you two choices, either to bring me to the speech of him, or else, I'll give your master the name of the thief that stole his linen; ay, an' the name of the thief that reserved it. I name nobody at present; an' for that matther, I know nothin'.—Can't all the world tell you that Neil M'Collum knows nothin'!'

'*Ghe dhevin*, Nelly,' said the waiter, 'maybe Meehaul *is* in the house unknownst to me. I'll try, any how, an' if he's to the fore, it won't be my fau't or he'll see you.'

Nell, while the waiter went to inform Meehaul, took two ribands out of her pocket, one of white and the other black, both of which she folded into what would appear to a bystander to be a similar kind of knot. When the Innkeeper's son and the waiter returned to the hall, the former asked her what the nature of her business with him might be. To this she made no reply, except by uttering the word *husth!* and pulling the ends, first of the white riband, and afterwards of the black. The knot of the first slippied easily from the complication, but that of the black one, after gliding along from its respective ends, became hard and tight in the middle

'*Tha sha marrho!* life passes, and death stays,' she exclaimed; 'Andy Connor's dead, Meehaul Neil; an' you may tell your father that he must get some one else to look afther his sheep. Ay! he's dead! But that's past. Meehaul, follow me; it's you I want, an' there's no time to be lost.'

She passed out as she spoke, leaving the waiter in a state of wonder at the extent of her knowledge, and of the awful means by which, in his opinion, she must have acquired it.

Meehaul, without uttering a syllable, immediately walked after her. The pace at which she went was rapid and energetic, betokening a degree of agitation and interest on her part, for which he could not account. As she had no object in bringing him far from the house, she availed herself of the first retired spot that presented itself, in order to disclose the purport of her visit.

'Meehaul Neil,' said she, 'we're now upon the Common, where no ear can hear what passes between us. I ax, have you the spirit to keep your sister Ellen from shame and sorrow?' The young man started, and became strongly excited, at such a serious prelude to what she was about to utter.

'*Millia diouol!* woman, why do you talk about shame and disgrace comin' upon any sister of mine? what villain dare injure her, that regards his life? My sister! Ellen Neil! No, no! the man that 'ud only think of *that*, I'd give this right hand a dip to the wrist in the best blood of his heart.'

'Ay! ay! it's fine spakin'; but you don't know the hand you talk of. It's one that you'd betther avoid than meet. It's the *strong hand*, an' the dangerous one when vexed. You know Lamh Laudher Oge.'

Meehaul started again, and the crone could perceive by his manner, that the nature of the communication she was about to make had been already known to him, though not, she was confident, in so dark and diabolical a shape as that in which she determined to put it.

'Lamh Lauder Oge!' he exclaimed; 'surely you don't mane to say that he has any bad design upon Ellen! It's not long since I gave him a caution to drop her, an' to look out for a girl fittin' for his station. Ellen herself knows what he'll get if we ever catch him spakin' to her again. The day will never come that his faction and ours can be friends.

'You did do, Meehaul,' replied Nell, 'and I know it; but what 'ud you think if he was so cut to the heart by your turnin' round upon his poverty, that he swore an oath to them that I could name, bindin' himself to bring your sister to a state of shame, in ordher to punish you for your words? That 'ud be great glory over a faction they hate.

'Tut, woman, he daren't swear such an oath; or if he swore it fifty times over on his bare knees, he'd ate the stones off o' the pavement afore he'd dare to act upon it. In the first place I'd prepare him for his coffin, if he did; an', in the next do you think so manely of Ellen, as to belave that she would bring disgrace an' sorrow upon herself an' her family? No, no, Neil; the ould *diout's* in you, or you're beside yourself, to think of such a story. *I've* warned her against him, and so did we all; an' I'm sartin, this minute, that she'd not go a single foot to change words with him unknownst to her friends.'

The old woman's face changed from the anxiety and importance that it bore, to one of coarse glee, under which, to those who had penetration sufficient to detect it, lurked a spirit of hardened and reckless ferocity.

'Well, well, she replied, 'sure I'm proud to hear what you tell me. How is poor Nanse M'Collum doin' wid yees? for I hadn't time to see her a while agone. I hope *she'll* never be ashamed or afraid of her aunt, any how. I may say I'm all that's left to the good of her name, poor *girshah!*'

'What 'ud ail her? replied Meehanl; 'as long as she's honest an' behaves herself there's no fear of her. Had you nothing else to say to me, Nell?'

The same tumultuous expression of glee and malignity again lit up the features of the old woman as she looked at him with something like contemptuous hesitation: 'Why, I don't know that. If you had more sharpness or sinse I might say—Meehaul Neil,' she added, elevating her voice, 'what do you think I *could* say, this sacred minit? Your sister! Why, she's a good girl! true enough, that: but how long she *may* be so's, another affair. Afeard! Be the ground we stand on, man dear, if you an' all belongin' to you, had eyes in you heads for every day in the year, you could'nt keep her from young Lamh Laudher. Did you hear any thing?'

'I'd not believe a word of it,' said Meehaul, calmly, and he turned to depart.

'I tell you its as true as the sun to the dial,' replied Nell; 'and I tell you more, he's wid her this minit behind your father's orchard! Ay! an' if you wish, you may see them togetiner wid your own eyes, an' sure if you don't b'lieve *me*, you will b'lieve *them*. But Meehaul, take care of him; for he has his fire-arms; if you meet him don't go empty-handed, and I'd advise you to have the *first shot*.'

'Behind the orchard,' said Meehaul, astonished; 'where, there?'

'Ay, behind the orchard, where they often war afore. Where, there? Why, if you want to know that, sittin' on one of the ledges in the grassy quary. That's their sate, whenever they meet; an a snug one it is for them that don't like their neighbors' eyes to be upon them. Go now an' satisfy yourself, but watch them at a distance, an' as you expect to save your sister, don't breathe the name of Nell M'Collum to a livin' mortal.'

Meehaul Neil's cheek flushed with deep resentment, on hearing this disagreeable intelligence. For upwards of a century before, there had subsisted a deadly feud between the Neils and Lamh Laudhers, without either party being able exactly to discover the original fact from which their enmity proceeded. This, however, in Ireland makes little difference. It is quite sufficient to know that they meet and fight upon all possible opportunities, as hostile factions ought to do, without troubling themselves about the idle nonsense of inquiring why they hate and maltreat each other. For this reason alone, Meehaul Neil was bitterly opposed to the most distant notion of a marriage between his sister and young Lamh Laudher. There were other motives also which weighed, with nearly equal force in the consideration of this subject. His sister Ellen was by far the most beautiful girl of her station in the whole country, and many offers, highly advantageous, and far above what she otherwise could have expected, had been made to her. On the other hand, Lamh Laudher Oge was poor, and by no means qualified in point of wordly circumstances to propose for her, even were hereditary enmity out of the question. All things considered, the brother and friends of Ellen would rather have seen her laid in her grave, than allied to a comparatively poor young man, and their bitterest enemy.

Meehaul had little doubt as to the truth of what Mell M'Collum told him. There was a saucy and malignant confidence in her manner, which, although it impressed him with a sense of her earnestness, left, nevertheless, an indefinite feeling of dislike against her upon his mind. He knew that her motive for disclosure was not one of kindness or regard for him, or for his family. Nell M'Collum had often declared that 'that the wide earth did not carry a bein' she liked or loved, but *one*—not even excepting herself, that she hated most of all.' This, however, was not necessary to prove that she acted rather from the gratification of some secret malice, than from a principle of benevolence. The venomous leer of her eye, therefore, and an accurate knowledge of her character, induced him to connect some apprehension of approaching evil with the unpleasant information she had just given him.

'Well,' said Meehaul, 'if what you say is true, I'll make it a black business to Lamh Laudher. I'll go directly and keep my eye on them; an' *I'll* have *my* fire-arms, Nell, an' by the life that's in me, he'll taste them if he provokes me; an' Ellen knows *that*.' Having thus spoken, he left her.

The old woman stood and looked after him with a fiendish complacency.

'A black business, will you?' she exclaimed, repeating his words in a soloquy:—'do so—an' may all that's black assist you in it! Dher Chiernah, I'll do it or lose a fall—I'll make the Lamh Laudhers the Lamh Lhugs afore I've done wid 'em. Ive put a thorn in their side this many a year, that 'ill never come out; I'll now put one in their *marrow*, an' let them see how they'll bear *that*. I've left *one* empty chair at their hearth an' it 'll go hard wid me, but I'll have another.'

Having thus expressed her hatred against a family to whom she attributed the calamities that had separated from society, and marked her as a being to be avoided and detested, she also departed from the Common, striking her stick with peculiar bitterness into the ground as she went along.

In the mean time young Lamh Laudher felt little suspicion that the stolen interview between him and Ellen Neil was known. The incident, however, which occurred to him on his way to keep the assignation, produced in his mind a vague apprehension which he could not shake off. To meet a red-haired woman, when going on any business of importance, was considered at all times a bad omen, as it is in the country parts of Ireland unto this day, but to meet a female familiar with forbidden powers, as Nell M'Collum was supposed to be, never failed to produce fear and misgiving to those who met her. Mere physical courage was no bar against the influence of such superstitions; many a man was a slave to them who never knew fear of a human or tangible enemy. They constituted an important part of the popular belief; for the history of ghosts and fairies, and omens, was, in general, the only kind of lore in which the people were educated; thanks to the sapient traditions of their forefathers.

When Nell passed away from Lamh Laudher, who would fain have flattered himself that by turning back on the way, until she passed him, he had avoided meeting her, he once more sought the place of appointment, at the same slow pace as before. On arriving behind the orchard, he found, as the progress of the evening told him, that he anticipated the hour on which it had been agreed to meet. He accordingly descended to the Grassy Quarry, and sat on a mossy ledge of rock, over which the brow of a little precipice jutted in such a manner as to render those who sat beneath visible only from a particular point. Here he had scarcely seated himself when the tread of a foot was heard, and in a few minutes Nanse M'Collum stood beside him.

'Why thin, bad cess to you, Lamh Laudher,' she exclaimed, 'but it's a purty chase I had afther you!'

'Afther me, Nanse? and what's the commission, *cush ghastha* (lightfoot?)'

'The sorra any thing, at all at all, only to see if you war here. Miss Ellen sent me to tell you that she's afeard she can't come this evenin', unknownst to them.'

'An' am I not to wait, Nanse?'

'Why, she says she *will* come, for all that, *if she can*; but she bid me take your stick from you, for a rason she has, that she'll tell yourself when she sees you.'

'Take my stick! Why, Nanse *ma colleen bawn*, what can *she* want with *my* stick? Is the darlin' girl goin' to bate any body?'

'Bad cess to the know *I* know, Lamh Laudher, barrin' it be to on yourself for sailin' her heart from her. Why thin, the month's mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden, how did you come round her at all?'

'No matther about that, Nanse; but the family's bitteer against me! eh?'

'O, thin, in trogs, it's ill their common to hate you as they do; but thin, you see, this factionwork will keep yees asunder for ever. Now gi' me your stick, an' wait, any way, till you see whether she comes or not.'

'Is it by Ellen's ordhers you take it Nanse?'

'To be sure, who else's: but the devil a one o' me knows what she manes by it, any how—only that I daren't go back widout it.'

'Take it Nanse; she knows I wouldn't refuse her my heart's blood, let alone a bit of kippeen.'

'A bit of kippeen! Faix, this is a quare kippeen! Why it would sell a bullock.'

'When you see her, Nanse, tell her to make.

[CONTINUED ON THE LAST PAGE.]

You bring about harm, Nell, but who has ever known you to do good?'

'Ay! Ay!' said the hag, 'that's the cuckoo song to Nell; she does harm, but never does good! Well, may my blackest curse wither the man that left Nell to hear that, as the kindest word that's spoke either to her or of her! I don't blame you, Meehaul—I blame nobody but him for it all. Now, a word of advice before you go in; don't let on to Ellen that you know of her meetin' him this night;—an' reason good—if she thinks you're watchin' her she'll be on her guard—ay, an' outdo you in spite of your teeth. She's a woman—she's a woman! Good night, an' mark him the next time bitther.'

Meehaul himself had come to the same determination and from the same motives.

The consciousness of Lamh Laudher's public disgrace, and of his incapability to repel it sank deep into his heart. The blood in veins became hot and feverish, when he reflected upon the scoraful and degrading insult he had just borne. Soon after his return home, his father and mother both noticed the singularly deep burst of indignant feeling with which he appeared to be agitated. For some time they declined making any inquiry as to its cause; but when they saw at length the big scalding tears of shame and rage start from his flashing eyes, they could no longer restrain their concern and curiosity.

'In the name of heaven, John,' said they, 'what has happened to put you into such a state as you're in?'

'I can't tell you,' he replied; 'if you knew it, you'd blush with burnin' shame—you'd curse me in your heart. For my part, I'd rather be dead fifty times over than livin', afther what has happened this night.'

'An' why not tell us, Lamh Laudher?'

'I can't, farther; I couldn't stand upright afore you and spake it. I'd sink like a guilty man in your presence; an' except you want to drive me distracted, or perjured, don't ask me another question about it. You'll hear it too soon.'

'Well, we must wait,' said the father, 'but I'm sure, John, you'd not do any thing unbecoming a man. For my part, I'm not uneasy on your account; for except to take an affront from a Neil, there's nothing you would do could shame me.'

This was a fresh stab to the son's wounded pride, for which he was not prepared. With a stifled groan he leaped on his feet, and rushing from the kitchen, bolted himself up in his bed-room.

His parents, after he had withdrawn exchanged glances.

'That went home to him,' said the father, 'an' sure as death, the Neils are in it, whatever it is. But by the cross that saved us, if he tuck an affront from any of them, widout payin' them home double, he is no son of mine, an' his roof won't cover him another night. Howsomever, we'll see in the mornin' plase God.'

The mother, who was proud of his courage and prowess, scouted with great indignation the idea of her son's tamely putting up with an insult from any of the opposite faction.

'Is it he bear an affront from a Neil! arrah, don't make a fool of yourself, ould man! He'd die sooner—I'd stake my life on him.'

The night advanced, and the family had retired to be; but their son attempted in vain to sleep. A sense of shame overpowered him keenly. He tossed, and turned, and groaned at the contemplation of his disgrace which he knew would be heaped on him the following day. What was to be done? How was he to wipe it off? There was but one method, he believed, of getting his hand once more free; that was to seek Ellen, and gain her permission to retract his oath on that very night. With this purpose he instantly dressed himself, and quietly unbolting his own door, and that of the kitchen, got another staff, and passed out to seek her farther's Inn.

The night had now become dark, but mild and agreeable; the repose of man and nature was deep, and save his tumultuous thoughts, every thing breathed and air of peace and rest. At a quick but cautious pace he soon reached the Inn, and without much difficulty passed into the garden, from which he hoped to make himself known to Ellen. In this, to his great mortification, he was disappointed, the room in which she slept, being on the third story, presented a window, it is true, to the garden; but how was he to reach it, or hold a dialogue with her, even should she recognize him, without being over-heard by some of the family? All this might have occurred to him at home, had he only been sufficiently cool for reflection.—As it was, the only method of awaking her that he could think of was to throw up several handfuls of small pebbles against the windows.—This he tried without any effect. Pebbles sufficiently large to reach the window would have broken the glass, so that he felt himself compelled to abandon every hope of speaking to her that night. With lingering and reluctant steps he left the garden, and stood some time before the front of house, leaning against an upright stone, called the market cross.—Here he had not been more than two minutes, when he heard footsteps approaching, and on looking closely through the darkness, he recognized the figure of Nell M'Collum, as it passed directly to the kitchen window. Here the crone stopped, peered in, and with caution gave one of the panes a gentle tap. This was responded to by one much louder from within and almost immediately the door was softly opened. From thence issued another female figure, evidently that of Nuse M'Collum, her niece. Both passed down the street in a northern direction, and Lamh Laudher, apprehensive that they were on no good errand, took off his shoes, lest his footsteps might be heard, and dogged them as they went along. They spoke little, and that in whispers, until they had got clear of the town, when, feeling less restraint, the following dialogue occured between them:

'Isn't it a quare thing, aunt, that she should come back to this place at all?'

'Quare enough, I'll the husband's comin' too—he's to folly her.'

'He ought to know that he needn't come here, I think.'

'Why you fool, how do *you* know that?—Sure the town must pay him fifty guineas if he doesn't get a customer and that's worth comin' for. *She* must be near us by this time. Hush! do you hear a car?'

They both paused to listen, but no car was audible.

'I don't,' replied the neice; 'but isn't it odd that he lets *her* carry the money, an' him trates her so badly?'

'Why would it be odd? Sure she takes bether care of it, and puts it farther than he does. His heart's in a larden, the nager.'

'Rody an' the other will soon spare her that throuble, any way,' replied the niece. 'Is there no one wid her but the carman!'

'Not one—hould your tongue—here's the gate where the same pair was to meet us. Who is this stranger that Rody has picked up? I hope he's the thing.'

'Some red-headed fellow. Rody says he's honest. I'm wonderin', aunt, what 'ud happen if she'd know the place.'

'She can't, *girshah*—an' what if she does? She may know the place, but will the place know her? Rody's friend says the best way is to do for her; an' I'm afeard of her, to tell you the truth—but we'll settle that when they come. There now is the gate where we'll sit down. Give a cough till we try if they are—whist! here they are!'

The voices of two men now joined the conversation, but in so low a tone, that Lamh Laudher could not distinctly hear its purport.

The road along which they travelled, was craggy, and full of ruts, so that a car could be heard in the silence of night at a considerable distance. On each side the ditches were dry and shallow; and a small elder hedge, which extended its branches towards the road, afforded Lamh Laudher the obscurity which he wanted. With stealthy pace he crept over and sat beneath it, determined to witness whatever incident might occur, and to take a part in it, if necessary. He had scarcely seated himself when the car which they expected was heard jolting about half a mile off along the way, and the next moment a consultation too place in tones so low and guarded, that every attempt on his part to catch its purport was unsuccessful. This continued with much earnestness, it was warmth, until the car came within twenty perches of the gate, when Nell exclaimed—

'If you do, you may—but remember I didn't egg you on, or put it into your hearts at all events. May be I have a child myself, livin'—far from me—an when I think of him, I feel one touch of nature at my heart in favor of her still. I'm black enough there as it is.'

'Make your mind asy,' said one of them, 'you won't have to answer for her.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Scene in Court.—'I call upon you,' said the counsellor, 'to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?' 'Upon what authority?' said the ostler, interrogatively; 'You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you.' 'I dosn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his own mind.'—'Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?' 'The best authority,' responded he gruffly. 'Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?' 'Well, then, if you must have it,'—'Must! I will have it,' vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. 'Well, then, if you must and will have it,' rejoined the ostler, with imperturable gravity, 'why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth.'—A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the Court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

A City Famous For its Old Maids.—New London, Conn. is put down among our contemporaries as being celebrated for its old or young maids. It is said that there are 300 of them between the ages of sixteen and thirty all wanting to be married without any body to take them. They are spoken of as resembling a shoal of hungry pickerel, ready to snap at any bait the moment it appears. Let young men beware about going near that place, or he may be snapped at and his individuality swallowed before he knows it.

Marriage Extraordinary. A young Jewess in New York, Delia Phillips, recently sued a false young Israelite named Isaac Steinburg, for breach of promise of marriage, laying her damages at $5000. The false swain was arrested and not procuring bail was shut up in the stone house. After he was safely lodged and found there was no mistake, he began to reflect, and came to the conclusion, that the easiest way of settling a $5000 demand, was to marry the plaintiff. So agreed and instead of going to Court, they immediately went to a Magistrate and were united in the holy bonds o matrimony.

Neck Twisters Disturbing Audiences, &c. There are a set of people, and pretty numerous too, who are regular noisances in audiances of which they form a part. We mean those who, upon every creak of the door, twist their neck round to see who is coming. There are some late comers, who attend lectures, or churches, or other places where addresses are delivered, who are certain to interrupt the speaker and discompose the audience; sometimes because they cannot possibly come in season, but more generally because they have either not politeness enough to act with propriety, are naturally too stupid to know any better. It is always annoying enough to have the quiet of an audience broken in upon by one of these. But the evil is ten times increased by your regular twisters, who, at the slightest noise are ready to put their necks out of joint, squirming and stretching to get a peep at nothing. So if any movement takes place in any part of the house, a ruffling of a dress, the fall of a fan, or a sneeze, the stretchers and twisters are sure to be on the alert. This most always takes place when the most thrilling passages are being listened to with breathless attention. This is a vile practice, and when a score or two of heads are thus frivolously put in motion, not only to the quiet portion of the audience, but frequently disturbing the thread of the discourse itself.—All sextons, janitors, and "officers in authority," should set themselves about remedying the matter, if within their jurisdiction. If not the offenders must be left to the punishment of a guilty conscience and a wry neck.

Paixhan Guns. The Paixhan gun (pronounced *paysan*) is half cannon and half mortar. It throws hollow iron balls of a great weight, say 150 lbs., filled with combustibles, which explode in a certain time after lodging. Unlike the bomb it throws the shot *horrizontally*, like the cannon, so that an accurate aim can be taken. It is easily managed and it does not increase the weight of the ordnance. This cannon is equally efficient in ships and batteries. Fair trials of its destructive effects were made at St. Jean D'Acre, at Beyroot, and at San Jean de Ulloa. The inventor, Paixhan, says—

When thrown horrizontally, they will crush strike to pieces, and tear open the side of the vessel with terrible shock. If they remain in the side, their explosion, acting like a mine, will open large breaches, the irregular fractures of which, extending below the water line, will make a passage, through which the water will rush in, as though a dyke were suddenly broken. If a bomb should enter a mast, it will overturn it, together with its yards, top and rigging. Should the bomb pass entirely through the ship's side, then they will produce their effects between decks, in the midst of the combatants, the artillery and munitions; and they will scatter around showers of iron, and insupportable volumes of smoke and flame; they will completely destroy a fabric of wood, much more easily than stone; they will rip up the deck, set every thing on fire, and cause dreadful ravages every where.

The invention of this terrific engine of destruction will tend to equalize the naval power of nations. It will certainly destroy the superiority of the British Navy. Indeed, it is a question if France could not at this moment, with her fleets, which are all provided with these *bomb cannons*, successfully cope with her proud rival.

To us this new arrangement is of the greatest interest. Give some smart Yankee ship builders two years time, and half the present government cost for fifty steam frigates, to be equiped with Paixhan guns, which any landsman artillerist can work at sea, and we should have no reason to fear any enemy on the ocean.

[Public Ledger.

Ship Building. Probably there are at present more ships built in Maine than any other State of the Union. To give some idea of the importance of the business to the State, a small town, North Yarmouth, can be taken as instance. There are building now in that town six vessels, one barque of 270 tons each, one brig of 275 tons, two brigs of 200 tons each, one of 154 tons and one schooner of 120 tons. This certainly must make a great addition to the resources of that town, and add to the wealth of the State.

"The Mammoth," is the appropriate name of the great iron steam-ship now building at Bristol, Eng., by the owners of the Great Western—the Mammoth will be of 3600 tons burthen, and her engines of 1000 horse power. "It is calculated," says an English paper, "that she will cross the Atlantic in ten days."

Hungry! A newspaper editor puts forth the following dolorous paragraph. If it does not move the hearts of his subscribers, they must be as hard Pharaoh's:—

"We are nearly destitute of Bread and Butter, and Potatoes, have only paper enough for next week, and are entirely destitute of money, and and unless some of our good friends pay us a little of our just dues, we must suspend the paper a week or so, and resort to wood sawing or some other business to procure the means of continuing our paper."

A MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.

Four steam-ships are to be built in New York, to be employed in navigating the Atlantic Ocean, to be each of the capacity of two thousand five hundred tons. Persons who understand the plan have no doubt that in speed and every good quality these ships will be found quite superior to any of the vessels hitherto employed in the service. The cost will be about three millions of dollars. The proprietors of the plan proposed to the late Administration to confer on the Government the right to take these ships in case of war, at a fair valuation, if only the Administration would procure such a modification of the present Post Office law, as to allow the owners to collect an inward postage on letters. The law now requires all letters brought by vessels to be deposited in the Post Office at two cents each.—This most important proposition, upon a plan which would furnish a Navy without cost in peace, and of the greatest possible efficacy in time of war, we are sorry to say, that neither the past or present Administration has found time to determine.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Political Women.—The Universalist Palladium says:—

"A political woman is the most frightful and disgusting anomaly in creation. The peculiar and tender duties which the creator has assigned to woman, if faithfully discharged make her angelic: clothe her with a moral grandeur and a beauty which elevates her far above all outward and sensible majesty: but when she descends from this throne of moral excellence, to identify herself with the profane, and noisy, and reckless habits of politicians—when she imbibes their jealousies, copies their language, and imitates their spirit, she is *woman* no more. We know it is getting to be quite a fashionable thing for *men of both sexes* to meddle with political affairs, and with many other affairs that are unbecoming the *fair sex*, but we do entreat those who wish to be regarded and respected as *ladies* to keep out of these filthy waters."

Excepting the foolish insult which it contains upon men who meddle with political affairs, this paragraph is very near the truth.—*Argus.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 11, 1841.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

After a lapse of some more than six months we again issue the Democrat, trusting to the generosity and liberality of the democracy of this County for the means of continuing it hereafter. Our list of subscribers, at present, is not sufficient to warrant its continuation for any great length of time. We trust however, the democratic party, and all others interested in having a paper published in this County, will not be backward in giving it aid and circulation.—That a Democratic paper should be published in this County is confessed by all, and it necessarily follows that it should be supported in a liberal manner by the party whose principles it advocates. We ask our friends throughout the County to interest themselves in obtaining us subscribers. Our terms are $1 50 in advance. We are induced to adopt this course from experience, having suffered the evils and vexations of the credit system, and believing that if a paper cannot be supported and sustained on the cash system that it certainly cannot on the credit system.

We shall endeavor to make the paper as interesting and useful as our means will allow, and if sufficient support be given by our friends to warrant the expense, additional aid will be brought into requisition. Persons holding Prospectuses will oblige us by forwarding the names on them immediately.

Our means of obtaining news for this number being rather limited we are therefore unable to make it so interesting as we could wish. We hope to be able to remedy it in our next.

☞We send this number to many whose names are not on our list, although we hope they will be soon. Those who do not wish to become subscribers will please return the paper by Mail, directed to the Democrat, Paris, Me., with their name written on the margin.

☞We learn that in some sections of this County, a frivilous story is in circulation that the Democrat will advocate Whig principles and measures. Nothing can be more foolish, simple and ridiculous on the part of those who give currency to the report or credit to its authors.

Advocate Whig principles and measures! We would as soon advocate the divine right claimed for Queen Vic to reign over and govern the British.

Whig principles are not what they have been "cracked up to be."

The Arrival of the Britannia at Boston of the sixth inst. brings news that England and China have come to terms by the payment on the part of China to England of six millions of dollars, one million down, and the remainder in annual instalments of one million each. The cession of the Island of Hong Kong, and direct official intercourse between the countries upon an equal footing. The trade of the port of Canton to be opened within ten days after the Chinese new year.

Much alarm is manifested in England as well as this country in relation to the Steam Ship President. She has now been out from thirty five to forty days, and has not been heard from. It is supposed she is lost.

We copy the following article in relation to the apportionment of Representatives, from the Argus. It is short and to the point. We recommend it to the particular attention of our readers.

"By the Constitution of the State, it is provided that "whenever the number of Representatives shall be two hundred, at the next Annual meetings of Elections which shall thereafter be had, and at every subsequent period of ten years, the people shall give in their votes, whether the number of Representatives shall be increased or diminished, and if a majority are in favor thereof, it shall be the duty of the next Legislature thereafter, to increase or diminish the number by the rule hereinafter provided."

The Democratic Republicans of the State of Maine, are, as we are assured by demonstrations in every quarter, indignant at the high handed injustice done in the late apportionment of State Representatives.—The majority of the late Legislature, regardless of their oaths of office, and of every upright consideration, determined at all events to secure to the piebald party, majorities in the House and Senate, have apportioned the Representatives and Senators, with that view alone. Towns and plantations so remote from each other, and so separated by natural barriers as to allow no intercommunication whatever, were classed together, and the shameless answer to the remonstrances of the minority against this high handed and iniquitous apportionment, was uniformly, "we have got you on the hip, and there we'll keep you these ten years." Dressed in this brief authority, and counting upon a continuance of this bare majority of the popular vote, these Legislators threw honesty, propriety and common decency to the winds. By the portion of the Constitution above quoted, it is seen that the people of the State are enabled immediately to correct the abuse of power exercised by the late majority.

We doubt not, that if for no other purpuse than to annul the late Apportionment act, every Democrat in the State will, at the approaching election, vote to diminish the number of Representatives. Should our opponents have the majority in the next Legislature, by reason of their iniquitous act of last winter, they cannot make a *more* unfair apportionment. But the indications are, that they will not have the majority in the next Legislature. That a Democratic Governor will be chosen is reduced to a certainty. The controlling power that the Governor has over the Legislature is well understood. See to it then Democrats, that you unite with one accord, to diminish the number of Representatives to the State Legislature." E.

THE CONTRAST.

Ingersoll the member of Congress elect from the Northern Liberties in Philadelphia, is continually called Tory by the whigs. Tory or not, during the last war he loaned every cent of money he had in the world, to the Government, at a time when Daniel Webster and the N. E. Federalists were exhorting capitalists to hold back. And now let us look back for a moment at the course of the Tory Ingersoll and the *Democrat* Webster during the last struggle with Great Britain, they both being members of Congress. Mr. Ingersoll voted for a tax to defray the expenses of the war, Mr. Webster voted against it; Mr. Ingersoll voted to punish spies, Mr. Webster vote against it; Mr. Ingersoll voted to fill up the army, Mr. Webster voted against it; Mr. Ingersoll voted against Gaston's resolution to abandon the war in 1813, Mr. Webster voted for it; Mr. Ingersoll voted to re-build the Capitol, when burnt by British arms, Mr. Webster voted against it; Mr. Ingersoll voted in a favor of raising a revenue to sustain private credit, Mr. Webster against it. Mr. Ingersoll was denounced by the Hartford Convention Federalists, as being a democrat, and only fit to "claim fellowship with James Madison, Felix Grundy and the Devil," while Mr. Webster was one of those very federalists, who "thought it unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at the success of our arms, &c."

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ingersoll is now a "Tory" and Mr. Webster a real Democrat, with his diploma written with hard cider upon a parchment of coon-skin.—Lowell Patriot.

THE STATE DEBTS.

We have heretofore alluded to the Assumption of State Debts, (says the Eastern Argus,) as a scheme got up for the benefit of British stockholders, but which was very likely to receive the approbation and support of the British Whigs in America. The Federalists last fall, denied this, and scouted the idea of their ever sustaining a scheme so unconstitutional and fraught with evil—*but that was before the election*, like a great many other of their fine promises, which have now vanished into thin air. Since the election, their love for the indebted States has grown rapidly, and they are now talking of some plan of relief for them, and even intimate, many of them, (like Mr. Judah, of Ia. and Webb, of the N. Y. Courier) that Assumption is the only thing that can save them.

The Gazette of last Friday says—

"Another subject still, we think, will be urged upon the attention of Congress, and that is the embarrassed condition of the States: *two hundred million* of dollars is a fearful burden. Something will be attempted to relieve them: the end of the General Government will be attended by the protection of its constituent parts, but how much will be done, and how far it will be deemed safe and just to go, it is too early now even to imagine; the subject will be viewed with coldness and reserve at first, but will finally obtain favor, but to what extent, baffles the spirit of prophecy. The distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands is a branch of this subject, and a portion of this aid, which is already familiar to the minds of our readers."

This *Relief to the States*, our readers will understand, means relief to bankers and stockjobbers, for the Federalists care far less about the suffering States than they do about the holders of State Bonds, like the Barings of London, and their affiliated bankers in Europe. The *Relief Plan* came originally from England, and is intended, in plain language, to carry up State bonds *to par*, in order to put money in the purses of foreign speculators, at the expense of the laboring and frugal classes of the community.

The Gazette says a distribution of the land revenue will be a part of the aid extended, but it might have added, that it would answer but little purpose. The future proceeds of the public lands are estimated at three millions per annum, while the bare interest of the State debts is about ten millions per annum—so that any permanent relief for the indebted States cannot be derived from this source.

Kendall's Expositor says—

"Another scheme which has been discussed is to issue a scrip receivable for the public lands, and distribute it among the States. Although this plan would please the speculators better, it is totally incompetent to the direct accomplishment of the object in view. Assigning to each State its equal share, it would require five hundred to a thousand millions of dollars in scrip, to furnish the States most indebted with a sum equal to their outstanding bonds. But let us suppose, that a sum equal only to the State debts were issued, viz:—*two hundred millions of dollars*. If made to bear five per cent. interest, the annual interest upon the land receipts on that account would be ten millions of dollars, while the whole receipts would be but three millions. If not made to bear interest, it would take 66 2 3 years to absorb it in the land purchases at the rate of three millions a year! What would such scrip be worth? The States might be able to sell it for five or ten cents on the dollar, and then be in as bad a condition as they were before!"

What then is the Relief really to be extended to the Suffering States? We quote a reply from the Expositor

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Although this plan would please the
is totally incompetent to the direct
the object in view. Assigning to
share, it would require five hundred
ns of dollars in scrip, to furnish the
with a sum equal to their outstand-
us suppose, that a sum equal only to
issued, viz:—*two hundred millions*
to bear five per cent. interest, the
the land receipts on that account
s of dollars, while the whole receipts
illions. If not made to bear interest, it
rs to absorb it in the land purchases
illions a year! What would such
e States might be able to sell it for
the dollar, and then be in as bad a
e before!"
Relief really to be extended to the
We quote a reply from the Eastern

or, as follows, as disclosing a scheme *talked of* among the Federalists, at least, and which, being in the true spirit of their creed, nothing but their fears can restrain them from finally adopting, if they determine it to be the best adapted to their money making designs.

Mr. Kennall says:—

"Direct assumption of the State debts some of the whig leaders have repudiated; but substantial assumption will be found to be the whole drift of their policy. Nothing short of it will satisfy the money making branch of the existing combination. We cannot describe the precise shape which the monstrous subject will assume; that will depend on the art of those who are to frame the act, and the degree of subserviency which may exist in the next Congress. We think however, from what we hear, that the measure will be attempted somewhat in the following form:

It will be proposed, that the United States shall execute United States Bonds bearing interest to the amount of one or more hundred millions of dollars, and lend them to the indebted States. They will not be GIVEN, but *lent*, on certain conditions; to *give* them in direct terms, would expose the design in its naked deformity. These bonds will be handed over to the stock jobbers in exchange for the State bonds. But it will be perfectly understood between the cunning leaders in Congress and out, that the conditions, whatever they may be, are never to be complied with? It is to be in fact a GIFT under the name of a LOAN. What whig ever speaks of calling on the States to refund a dollar of the twenty eight millions of U. States money heretofore handed over to them? And does any one suppose, that the States will ever be called on to pay any part of one or more hundreds of millions which may be nominally lent to them in bonds? No; it will be a gift under the name of a *loan;* a NAME given to make honest gulls believe and say that no National Debt has been created because the States owe the General Government as much as that Government owes the stock-jobbers!

"Well, who is to pay the interest and at last the principal of this new National Debt? An adroit modification of the Tariff may be made to bring into the Treasury five, or if need be, ten, millions of dollars annually, but out of whose pockets will the money actually come at last? Out of YOURS, *Farmers, Planters, Mechanics and other Workingmen* by whose sweat and toil, all taxes are paid under whatever name imposed, and in whatever form disguised. Not only will you earn and pay the money, but your means of getting it will be diminished by the effect of the tax on your market abroad.—A Farmer who can sell nothing can buy nothing. It is just so with a Nation. If France can sell our merchants no wine or other articles, she can buy none of the produce of our Farmers or Planters, none of the products of Mechanics or Manufactories. If we raise the price of her wine by high duties, less of it will be consumed, less bought in France, and the French will be less able to buy less from us. If the prices be raised so high by a Tariff on French wines and other articles that our people abandon the use of them, we shall cut off the means of France to buy from us altogether; and this 'Tariff on luxuries,' as it is called, for the purpose of raising money, instead of accomplishing the object intended, will merely destroy a foreign market for our produce and manufactories, leaving Farmers, Planters and other people to pay an increased tax with reduced means! An act to impose duties on 'foreign luxuries' ought to be called 'an act to destroy or impair the foreign market for our farmers and planters.' That is its inevitable tendency and effect.

"Well, beginning with a debt of one or more hundred millions of dollars, the interest to be paid by duties on 'foreign luxuries,' and getting the harness accommodated to the people's back, these artificers of a grand system will set out increasing the load. Some States will want more relief, and others must be placed upon equality. It is easy to manufacture United States Bonds, and there is money in Europe to buy them, and provided the soil and sinews of the American people are mortgaged as a security for the interest! Another hundred millions is easily added and then another, until our National Debt assumes a sublimity of magnitude similar to that of Great Britain! But in proportion to the increase of debt, will the means to pay interest through a tariff on imports diminish. This debt is to be held abroad, and the interest must be paid. Suppose the debt to be five hundred millions of dollars at five per cent, the interest would be twenty five millions a year. This must be paid by the produce and manufactures of our country sold abroad and to that extent it would lessen our ability to purchase foreign articles. The imports would be $25,000 less in value and proportionally less in quality; there would be so much less to be taxed by duties and proportionally less money raised by a Tariff. If the interest on the foreign debt became large enough to cut up all our country's exports, there could be no imports at all, and that source of revenue would be dried up altogether. It would inevitably happen, that the large amount created by the 'system' now in contemplation would reduce the imports so that no Tariff could be made to support Government and pay the interest.—What then? A loud cry that the 'Public faith' must be preserved; animated appeals to the pride, patriotism, the honesty and honor of our people. DIRECT TAXES, EXCISES, and every device to take from labor its due reward which distinguishes the model system of the mother country!"

We have inserted this extract, because it presents, in a striking form, the outline and consequences of a plan, which, monstrous as it is, is not too reckless to be supported by the partizans of Henry Clay in Congress, though, we trust, it is too monstrous ever to become a law. But if the Clay counsels have rule at the extra session, bold measures will be the order of the day, a national Debt, a U. S. Bank, a high Tariff and the Assumption Scheme, will all be pushed forward together. An Extra Session, was hardly called for any small purpose, and must appear utterly ridiculous in doing nothing, as it will appear utterly criminal if it shall give birth to the money-making scheme to which we have referred.

From the Argus.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The present Legislature will take rank in the minds of the people with that of 1830, when the Huntoon dynasty disgusted the candid of all parties, by their bold infractions of the Constitution, and their utter disregard of right. Its proceedings have been more extraordinary if possible than those of the Huntoon session, for the reason that it has had more full sway in both branches and has acted on subjects of more general importance. If we had a doubt concerning the redemption of the State next fall, *before* the Legislature assembled, we have none at all *now*, for we believe it has done enough simply enough, of itself, to change far more votes, than are necessary to secure the election of a Democratic Governor, at the coming trial.

This result, indeed, is very generally admitted now by *the Federalists themselves*; but they cling, chucklingly, to the hope, that the *spoils* for which alone they have fought, cannot be wrested from them, on account of their infamous Apportionment of the State for Senators and Representatives. "We have got you," they openly declare, "for ten years; and let the popular voice be as it may, we are sure of the Legislature, till another apportionment." Even in this they may be deceived!—They have not calculated the mighty reaction of the popular mind which must follow upon the exposure of their reckless temper and selfish motives, or thought of the indignant feeling which is always awakened in an honest community by acts of wrong, like their Districting Resolves—and hence must arise their bitter disappointment at the close of the campaign next fall. Vainly will a party strive to maintain its place of power, by cunning trickery and well arranged schemes of cheating, for such contrivances always recoil, sooner or later, upon the heads of their own infatuated authors. In politics as in morals, honesty is the best policy.

The Apportionment Resolves will demand, hereafter, no small portion of our space, in order to exhibit them to the community in their true partisan character, and we shall labor to give them, together with several other arbitrary and unjustifiable acts of the Legislature, as wide a circulation as possible.

The Federalists have never been able to hold the State but one year at a time, and the chances now are that Kent will be driven out of office, in September, by a majority, greater than the Democracy of Maine have usually thrown for favorite candidates.

GERRYMANDERING. The federal legislature of Maine can lay indisputable claim to being accomplished masters in the business of GERRYMANDERING. The apportionment just made by them for the choice of Senators and Representatives is as unjust and partial, and *partisan* in its character purposes, as any of the worst acts of federalism. The Constitution is trampled upon, disregarded, and outragiously violated, to effect party objects. Places separated by Frenchman's Bay, and fifty miles distant by land communication, are classed together so as to secure to the federalists the ascendancy in the several districts. Places at the opposite extremes of the county, forty miles distant, are classed together for the same object. The Constitution of Maine directs that the legislature in making the Senatorial apportionment shall make it conform, as near as may be, to the county lines. In the recent apportionment towns, *not touching the county lines*, but divided from them by other towns are taken from one county and added to an adjoining county. Border towns are not classed which other towns, because the Senatorial district would then be democratic. A fraction of 9,000 in *democratic* Waldo is to be overruled by a fraction of 7,000 in federal Kennebec. Things are studiously arranged so that a federal minority may be able to elect its candidate.

N. H. Pat.

From the N. Y. Commercial.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

It may be remembered that Lord Palmerston, some time ago, on the floor of the House of Commons, declared that the assumption of the responsibility for the attack on the Caroline had been officially made known to the Government of the United States, through Mr. Stevenson, the United States minister at the Court of St. James. In reference to this declaration, the London Times makes the statement following:—

"We are anxious to enforce the expediency of getting at the truth of a rumor which has been accredited in the best informed circles, and of which we see no reason to doubt the truth; namely, that within a day or two after Lord Palmerston assured the House of Commons that he had, three years ago, informed Mr. Stevenson of the British Government having sanctioned the destruction of the Caroline, the American minister, Mr. Stevenson, addressed himself by note or words to the British Foreign Secretary, positively alleging that his Lordship had stated what was not the fact, for that the American Government had never yet had such a communication from any official functionary of Great Britain. The *corps diplomatique* now in London have, we understand, been fully apprised of this matter, which reflects gravely upon the character of a British Secretary of State!"

The N. Y. Evening Post has the following article on this subject:—

The truth of the matter, however, is as follows: An impression having been generally produced by Lord Palmerston's late remarks in parliament that he had communicated to the American minister, at an early period, the determination of the British government to assume the responsibility of destroying the Caroline, Mr. Stevenson wrote a note to Lord Palmerston, inquiring of him when the communication had been made.

To this inquiry Lord Palmerston answerd by a note that he had alluded to a conversation which had taken place between him and Mr. Stevenson, in Febuary, 1838, when the news of the destruction of the Steamer was received thro' the newspapers. He then left Mr. Stevenson to infer, as he thought, what *would be* the course of the British Government in the event of a demand made upon it by the United States, but he did not intend to intimate that he considered this as an answer to the American claim for reparation.

We have this account of the matter from a perfectly authentic source. The conversation between the American minister and the British peer was altogether informal, and took place on the arrival of the first newspaper account of the affair.

If any such meaning was conveyed by Lord Palmerston's words as that expressed in his note, Mr. Stevenson had no right to regard it as expressing the decision of the British Government. Indeed Lord Palmerston himself admits in his note that he did not intend it should be so understood. Whatever, therefore, might be the terms of the conversation, it was a matter of no moment; inasmuch as the demand of the American Government for reparation was not presented until May following. To this demand the British ministry have never given any answer, and indeed Lord Palmerston seems to pique himself upon having studiously avoided giving any.

The letter from which we take the facts we have given says:—"I am glad to be able to afford this explanation, and, as in times of excitement like the present, trifles become matters of importance, to say that there is no bad feeling between Mr. Stevenson and Lord Palmerston. I wish to see the American side of the dispute kept clear of these private jars. Let the result depend entirely upon the principles at stake, and we are sure to come off triumphant."

CHERILY O-O-OH!

The democrats never felt so well as at this moment. Firmly they stand. The federalists expected defeat would dishearten them—not a whit! They hoped that platoon after platoon would wheel off into their ranks,—not a man!—Perfectly cool, perfectly collected, perfectly calm, perfectly determined they stand, unbroken, undismayed. The federalists are in a perfect phrensy. They lash and insult their poor vassals in New Hampshire—they proscribe Wise, Alvord, and the honest portion of their crumbling party; they call an extra session to attract the eyes of the people from their desperate condition; they raise false alarms to keep their straggling army united. There never was a party in such confusion and disorder. Their falsehoods, Ogle's speech, wages of labor, high prices, begin to recoil upon their bald and defenceless heads *iterumque, iterumque*, like rattling peals of thunder. Heads up democrats! Keep your armor bright, your ranks in order, your organization perfect. Never despair of the Republic. It has seen darker days. Sleep not. Be vigilant, be active.—Be always at work, cherily o-o-oh!—*Vt. Spirit of the Times.*

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Boston Courier asks the following question. It is pertinent, and might serve as a suitable text for a letter from Mr. Biddle, when he has disposed of some other subjects:

"Why are all the other swindlers in Philadelphia, especially those connected with the U. S. Bank, with their ill gotten gains, still 'permitted to go at large, again to prey upon the public?' Why is the 'expert scoundrel *given his liberty*,' who cheats a nation, and then laughs at his victims? 'We cannot even understand why such miscreants' are not sought for by the police—The felons who obtained money,' at the United States Bank neither give up the money, nor are molested in the pursuit of their vocation."

OH, THOSE BLOOD HOUNDS.—Last year, it will remembered that the whigs had much to say against the introductions of blood hounds, as warriors into Florida by General Call, who, last fall stated he never consulted the department in the matter, and that if any person was to be blamed on account of it, he himself was the man. Since Gen. Harrison's administration, Gen. Call has been appointed Governor of Florida. Which is the blood hound party now?—*New Era*

Hon John Q. Adams, attended the Tremont Theatre, in great state, on Monday night, and appeared much delighted with the performances. Howl! Capman, Howl! as you did when Governor Morton went to the Theatre.—*Salem Advertiser.*

N. E. BOUNDARY—IMPORTANT.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"As to the boundary, we learn that a convention has been signed on the part of Great Britain and the United States, which provides for the appointment of six commissioners three for each party to the dispute. These six, if they can agree, are to give a final decision on the question. If they cannot agree, they are to appoint three others, and a decision by the majority of the nine is to be conclusive.

"Such we understand to be the arrangement agreed upon. Some of the details may be incorrectly stated, but we have every reason to believe that the general fact, of a convention being signed, will prove authentic."

From the Augusta Age.

If this is true, then the belief entertained by the late President that the negotiation for a joint commission for survey and settlement would be brought to a speedy close, has been realized.

The main principles of such a commission were agreed upon, some time since.

What the precise character of its details as agreed to by the new administration, may be, is an inquiry of deep interest. We trust that they are satisfactory, but have some fears that British trickery has provided some trap for our rights.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce

PHILADELPHIA, May, 3, 1841.

The general sweep of old officers connected with the Custom House, has given rise to universal dissatisfaction—interfering as it has with the performance of the duties of the office. The party in power are as loud in denunciation of the course of the new Collector as are those who have been so unceremoniously ejected. The Pennsylvania Inquirer, the Ledger, and the N. American all denounce the movement, and calls are out for a Town meeting.

☞ Mr. F. O. J. Smith, of the Revived Argus, takes the Kennebec Journal to do, for denying that the Whig party has "*leaders.*" Mr. Smith insists, that that party not only has "*leaders,*" but "*lamentably bad leaders, too.*"—*Age.*

The following extract is from the Dublin Pilot, understood to be Mr. O'Connell's paper:—

"WAR. ENGLAND VERSUS IRELAND."

"The time approaches when England must be humiliated or just, and Ireland may be free. . . England may declare war, but who will war for England? Ireland? What! pay taxes, and shed our blood! And for what? . . Why should Ireland war against France? There is no Irish feeling to be gratified, no Irish interest to be promoted, by such a war. What has Ireland done to France or France to Ireland, that we should shed each other's blood? . . France invades Ireland—well, well in her complicated embarrassments will England find troops to defend Ireland, and preserve her provinces? Will Ireland defend herself, or leave the battle to the belligerents, and make no choice between masters? It is plain that England does not calculate on Irish co-operation. . . . A war against America is a war agains friends.—Were England never our tyrant, nor Ireland never her slave, we would war with reluctance; but as it is—no, we cannot war with America; our hearts forbid it—our hand would be powerless.—We cannot swell the ranks of such a battle—and for what? For love of England!"

McLEOD AT LIBERTY.

From the N. Y. Jour. of Commerce of last Tuesday.

McLEOD IN NEW YORK.—McLeod arrived here on Sunday night, from Lockport, in the custody of the Sheriff of Niagara County. He has been brought here on a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by the Supreme Court, which commenced its term in this city yesterday morning. We understand that nothing further will be done in the case until Thursday next, when an application will be made to the Court to discharge McLeod from custody. Mr. Joshua A. Spencer, Attorney for the United States, Northern District, and Mr. Gardner, of Buffalo, are engaged as counsel for McLeod; and Mr. Hall, the Attorney General of this State, and Mr. Wood, District Attorney at Lockport, will act as counsel on the part of the people.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

If we are rightly informed it has been agreed between Mr. Fox and the Government of the United States that no further opposition shall be made by the former to the trial of McLeod:—That the trial is to go on, under the jurisdiction of New York, without interference either by the British Minister or the National Government.—If acquitted, as is most probable, McLeod will be discharged, of course, and the matter thus be disposed of. If convicted, the National Government will then take the necessary steps to afford him that measure of justice and protection which all the circumstances of the case may require.

From the Augusta (Me.) Age.

The Com. Advertiser is a leading organ of the administration, and no doubt, speaks *by authority.*

The matter has turned out, very much as we expected. Mr. Fox has consented to the trial of McLeod, *upon the assurance of Mr. Webster, that the trial shall be a farce.* If he is acquitted, it is all well. If he is convicted, *then Mr. Webster will interfere and save him harmless.*

☞ THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF THE UNITED STATES, IS MCLEOD'S SENIOR COUNSEL.

P. O. DEPARTMENT.

The present Postmaster General has abandoned the practice of publishing the names of Deputy Postmasters removed and appointed, and the public would not know, from the Washington papers, whether he was carrying out the doctrine of proscription, or not.

This is adding meanness to tyranny. Mr. Granger is cutting of heads in ever direction.—Let him come out like a man, and let the world know what he is doing. This concealment is anti-republican and disgraceful.—*Augusta Age.*

LETTING THE RICH OFF.

The State Valuation assesses horses $35 a head, and chaises at $50 each, *without regard to quality.*

Thus, for instance, the splendid equipages and high priced horses, of the city of Portland, are taxed no more than the plain vehicles and less valuable horses of the people of the interior.

This is a specimen of the *pervading policy* of this Valuation.—*Age.*

GUESSING.

The Kennebec Journal denounces all strictures upon the State Valuation as mere "*guess work,*" says that the Committee who made it were "*business men,*" and appears to conclude, that the people have no right to examine their work at all. This is certainly a very convenient way of defending the iniquities of the Valuation.—*Age.*

MR. FOX.—It is intimated, (says the Tattler) that Mr. Fox, the British Minister, is about to marry a sister of the Russian Minister's lady; Miss Williams. The bridegroom in this match, should it occur, will be aged about 60, the bride about 16.

☞ CHARLES FOX, Esq. has entered upon the duties of Clerk of the Courts for the County of Cumberland. The way some of the legal gentlemen, "let on" about this appointment is highamusing.—*Argus.*

V. PRESIDENT TYLER.—The Richmond Enquirer says:—

"The National Intelligencer stickles for the title of 'President of the United States' for Mr. Tyler. We are willing to allow him all the powers and duties of the office—full powers, and all its duties. He may ride, if he pleases, as Judge Roane used to say, upon the top of his commission. But, after all he does not succeed to the title of 'President of the U. S.' He is *the Acting President*—just as Mr. John Rutherford, who as senior Councillor Lieut. Governor now acts, in place of Mr. Gilmer, resigned, is the *Acting Governor* of Virginia—so recognized by the law and usage of the State."

From the Eastern Argus of May 4th.

THE STORM—LOSS OF LIFE.

The storm of Friday last, we regret to learn, was fatal to property and life. The weather was so fine on Thursday, that after the long spell of unpleasant weather, vessels that had been embargoed by it, hastened to put to sea, and were there overtaken by the gale of Friday. Among other disasters we learn that a Schr. from Boothbay dragged ashore on Friday at Rockport, Cape Ann, and went entirely to pieces. Cargo of Wood, and $1,000 in specie. Crew, and the specie, except $70, saved.

A letter from Cohasset, received at Boston, states that sloop Warsaw, (of Southport, Conn.) Godfrey, from Salem, for New York, with coffee, &c. was stranded about daylight on Gull ledge, two miles from that place, and with her cargo, became a total loss. Captain Godfrey was lost; the crew, five in number, were saved by the lifeboat placed at Cohasset by the Humane Society. One of the men had his shoulder dislocated, and all were unable to speak. The boat worked remarkably well, but was somewhat injured among the rocks. We learn that the men are doing well. Had it not been for the life-boat, every soul must have been lost.

The schr. Emeline, (of Charleston Mass.,) Thomaston, from Bucksport, Me., with lumber went ashore on Point Alderton, bilged, and filled with water. A passenger, whose name has not been ascertained, and the cook, were drowned. Captain and remainder of the crew saved by the life-boat from Hull.

The wind of Thursday night had been fresh from the SW. to SSW. through the night, with rain; suddenly changed to NW. and in about ten minutes after was blowing a violent gale from NNE. and the rain fell in torrents. A large number of coasting vessels, bound to Southern ports, were passed the afternoon previous, at anchor back of Cape Cod.

☞ The 'shaking' which our village underwent last week, has caused a good deal of talk, both in and out of town; and many speculations have been entered into respecting the cause of the phenomenon. The accounts which have gone abroad concerning the matter have been greatly exaggerated from the truth; yet that there was experienced here a tremulous motion of the earth, such as has never before been noticed by any of our inhabitants, we know by personal observation. In the immediate vicinity of our lower dam, the greatest degree of the 'shaking' was observed. We are therefore inclined to think—and this is the general received idea—that the whole thing was caused by the striking of the water upon the solid ground below the dam.—There being more than an usual amount of frost in the earth for this season of the year, when the streams contain a large quantity of water, the 'shaking' which has, perhaps, since the dam was built, always been going on when the water had been up, was extended beyond its usual limits.—*Gardiner Spectator.*

AN ACCIDENT. The Hampshire Gazette relates that an Irish laborer on the Western Rail Road, near the summit cut in Berkshire, in attempting to return to his lodgings from a visit to a neighbor's, where he had become intoxicated, "lost his way and walked directly into the cut, falling perpendicularly 35 feet, upon a rocky effect form which he was precipitated 25 feet more to the bottom of the cut." He was taken up in the morning insensible and badly bruised, with one leg broken, but it seems he is likely to recover. [Boston Notion.

A murder was committed on the day of the election at Dinwiddie Courthouse, Va. It is stated that a man of the name of Harnett was engaged in contest with an elderly man, and had him down upon the ground, when the man's son rushed up and stabbed him in ten or twelve places with a dirk knif, causing death very soon after. He then started to escape, but was seized by a gentleman, whom he threatened to kill if he approached; but a cold argument in the shape of a bowie knife being presented, he promptly surrendered, and was safely lodged in prison. [Boston Notion.

The Portland Advertiser states that the contracts for the Railroad from that city to Portsmouth, have been completed, and that the work on the entire line is to be commenced immediately. The portion of the road between Portland and Kennebunk, 25 miles, is to be finished by next November, and the remainder of the route to Portsmouth, in the following season, contracks for the rails have been made and they are expected to arrive at Portland early in the summer. [Boston Notion.

The Rochester Daily Democrat says that McLeod reached that city on Thursday evening last in the Lockport coach. He was taken from prison by a civil officer, unshackled and unattended by any armed force, and brought 60 miles unmolested through a densely populated section of this same "excited frontier," without an indignity being offered to him. This fact should silence all cavil, while it presents a picture of moral sublimity in a regard for the laws, which may be found in almost any other part of the farming population of these United States, but no where in greater perfection than with us.

The above speaks volumes in favor of the citizens on the frontier of New York. Although highly exasperated against McLeod and all those engaged in the Caroline affair, not a single insult was offered him, on his way from Lockport to New York city. Our people, though they may at times manifest some little hot blood, and indiscretion, are generally cool and considerate.

MARRIED.

In this town, Capt. Charles F. Kittridge, and Miss Mary M. Mellen. James T. Clark, and Miss Harriet B. Clark. Jarius S Swift, and Miss Nancy J. Mann. Cyrus H Ripley, and Miss Olive Cooper. Job Ryerson, and Miss Betsy Twitchell.

In Dixfield, Arthur Berry, and Miss Augusta L. J. Marble.

In Otisfield, Mr. Wm Smith, and Miss Deborah Holden. Capt. Francis Holden, of Norway, and Miss Elizabeth Scribner, of Otisfield.

In Minot, Welcome Hersey, and Miss Mary D. Curtis.

DIED.

In this town, a child of Capt. James Bowker, aged about 6 years.

In Norway, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Stevens, aged 83.

In Turner, Chloe, daughter of Francis and Sarah Cary.

In Peru, Mr. Gain Knight, aged 59 years. He was one of the oldest settlers of that town—he had gone in the woods after a load of wood, and was found in about an hour and a half dead by his team—had apparently cropped dead without a struggle.

In Oxford, Mr. Jacob Pike, only son of Robert and Susannah Pike.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Holms Winslow, of New Gloucester in the county of Cumberland, on the sixth day of March, A. D 1828, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County, Book 50, page 185, conveyed to Asa Benson of Canton, in said county of Oxford, a parcel of land situated in said Canton, which is described in said deed of Mortgage, reference thereto being had for a more particular description, which deed of Mortgage was duly assigned to me by the said Benson February 23, 1841, for a valuable consideration by me paid to said Benson; I therefore claim to have possession of said Mortgaged premises for the breach of the condition set forth in said Mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, agreeably to the Statute of the State in such case made and provided. EBENEZER KYES.

April 17th, 1841. 3w

haste, an' for God's sake not to disappoint me.—I can't rest well the day I don't meet her.'

'May be other people's as bad, for that matther; so good night, an' the mether o' honey to you, soon an' sudden! Faix, if any body stands in my way now, they'll feel the weight of this any how.'

After the last words, she brandished the cudgel and disappeared.

Lamh Laudher felt considerally puzzled to know what object Ellen could have had in sending the servant maid for his staff. Of one thing, however, he was certain, that her motive must have had regard to his own safety; but how, or in what manner, he could not conjecture. It is certainly true that some misgivings shot lightly across his imagination, on reflecting that he had parted with the very weapon which he usually brought with him to repel the violence of Ellen's friends, should he be detected in an interview with her. He remembered, too, that he had met unlucky Nell M'Collum, that the person who deprived him of his principal means of defence was her neice. He had little time, however, to think upon the subject, for in a few minutes after Nanse's departure, he recognized the light quick step of her whom he expected.

The figure of Ellen Neil was tall, and her motions full of untaught elegance and natural grace. Her countenance was oval; her features, though not symmetrical, were replete with animation, and her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy indicative of a warm heart and a quick apprehension. Flaxen hair, long and luxuriant, decicided, even at a distant glance, the loveliness of her skin, than which the unsunned snow could not be a whiter. If you add to this a delightful temper, buoyant spirits, and extreme candour, her character, in its strongest points, is before you.

On reaching the bottom of the Grassy Quarry, as it was called, she peered under the little beetling cliff that overhung the well known ledge on which Lamh Laudher sat.

'I declare, John,' said she, on seeing him, 'I thought at first you weren't here.'

'Did you ever knot me to be late?' said John taking her by the hand, and placing her beside him, 'and what would you 'a done, Ellen, if I hadn't been here?'

'Why, run home as if the life was lavin' me, for fear of seein' something.'

'*You* needn't be afeared, Ellen dear; nothing could harm you, at all events. However, puttin' that aside, have you any better tidin's than you had when we met last?'

'I wish to heaven we had, John! but indeed I have far worse; ay, a thousand times worse.—They have all joined against me, an' I'm not to see or speak to you at all.'

'That's hard, replied *Lamh Laudher*, drawing his breath tightly; 'but I know where it comes from. I think your father might be softened a little, ay, a great dale, if it was not for your brother Meehaul.'

'Indeed, *Lamh Lauder*, you're wrong in that; my father's as bitther against you as he is. It was only on Tuesday evenin' last that they told me, one an' all, they would rather see me a corpse than your wife. Indeed an' deed, John, I doubt it never can be.'

'Ellen,' replied John, 'I see plainly enough that they'll gain you over at last. That will be the end of it: but if you choose to break the vows and promises that passed between us, you may do so.'

'Oh! *Lamh Laudher*,' said Ellen, affected at the imputation contained in his last observation; 'don't you treat me with suspicion. I suffer enough for your sake, as it is. For near two years, a day has hardly passed that my family hasn't wrung the burnin' tears from my eyes on your account. Havn't I refused matches that any young woman in my station of life ought to be proud to accept?'

'You did Ellen, you did; but still I know how hard it is for you to hould out against the persecution you suffer at home. No, no, Ellen dear, I never doubted you for one minute. All I wondher at is, that such a girl as you ever could think of one so humble as I am, compared to what you'd have a right to expect, an' could get.'

'Well, but I am willin' to prefer you, John?' said Ellen with a smile.

'One thing I know, Ellen,' he replied, 'an' that is, that I'm far from beiff worthy of you; an' I ought, if I had a high enough spirit, to try to turn you agatnst me, if it was only that you might marry a man that 'ud have it in his power to make you happier than ever I'll be able to do; any way, than ever it's likely I'll be able to do.'

'I don't think, John, that ever money or the goods of this world made a man an' wife love one another yet, if they didn't do it before; but it has often put their hearts agin one another.'

'I agree wid you in that, Ellen; but you don't know how my heart sinks when I think of you an' my own poverty. My poor father, since the strange disappearance of little Alice, never was able to raise his head; and indeed mother was worse. If the child had died, an' that we knew she slept with ourselves, it would be a comfort. But not to know what became of her—whether she was drowned or kidnapped—that was what crushed their hearts. I must say that since I grew up, we're improvin'; an' I hope, God willin', now that my father laves the management of the farm to myself, we'll still improve more an' more. I hope it for their sakes, but more, if possible, for yours. I don't know what I wouldn't do to make you happy, Ellen. If my life would do it, I think I could lay it down to show the love I bear for you. I could take to the highway and rob for your sake, if I though it would bring me means to make you happy.'

Ellen was touched by his sincerity, as well as by the tone of manly sorrow with which he spoke. His last words, however, startled her, when she considered the vehement manner in which he uttered them.

'John,' said she, alarmed, 'never, while you have life, let me hear a word out of your lips. No—never, for the sake of Heaven above us, breathe it, or think of it. But, I'll tell you something, an' you must hear it, an' bear it too, with patience.'

'What is it, Ellen? If it's fair an' manly, I'll be guided by your advice.'

'Meehaul has threatened to—to—I mane to say, that you mustn't have any quarrel with him, if he meets you or provokes you. Will you promise this?'

'Meehaul has threatened to strike me, has he? An' I a Lamh Laudher, am to take a blow from a Neil, an' to thank him, I suppose, for givin' it.'

Ellen rose up and stood before him.

'Lamh Laudher,' 'I must now try your love for me in earnest. A lie I cannot tell, no more than I can cover the truth. My brother *has* threatened to strike you, an' as I said afore, you must bear it for his sister's sake.'

'No, *dher Chiernak*, never. That, Ellen, is goin' beyant what I'm able to bear.—Ask me to cut off my right hand for your sake, an' I'll do it. Ask my life, an' I'll give it; but to ask a Lamh Laudher to bear a blow from a Neil—never. What! how could I rise my face afther such a disgrace? How could I keep the country wid a Neil's blow, like the stamp of a thief upon my forehead, an' me the first of my own faction, as your brother is of his. No—never!'

'An, you say you love me, John?'

'Betther than ever man loved woman.'

'No man—you don't' she replied, if you did, you'd give up something for me. You'd hear that for my sake, an' not think it much. I'm beginin' to believe, Lamh Laudher, that if I was a poor portionless girl, it wouldn't be hard to put me out o' your thoughts. If it was only for my sake you loved me, you'd not refuse me the first request I ever made to you; when you know, too, that if I didn't think more of you than I ought, I'd never make it.'

Ellen, would you disgrace me? Would you wish me to bear the name of a coward? Would you want my father to turn me out of the house? Would you want my own faction to put their feet upon me, an' drive me from among them?'

'John,' she replied, bursting into tears, 'I do know that it's a sore obligation to lay upon you, when every thing's taken into account; but if wouldn't do this for me, who would you do it you for? Before Heaven, John, I dread a meetin' between you an' my brother, afther what he tould me; an' the only way of preventin' danger is for you not to strike him. Oh, little you know what I have suffered these two days for both your sakes! Lamh Lauder Oge, I doubt it would be well for me if I had never seen your face.

'Any thing nadher Heaven but what you want me to do, Ellen?'

'Oh! don't refuse me this, John. I ask it, as I said. for both your sakes, an' for my own sake. Meehaul wouldn't strike an unresistin' man. I wont lave you till you promise; an' ask for the sake of Heaven above, to be guided by me in this.'

'Ellen, I'll lave the country to avoid him, if that'll plase you.'

'No—no—no, John; that doesn't plase me. Is it to lave your father an' family, an' you the staff of their support! Oh, John, give me your promise—if you do love me as you say, give your promise. Here on my two knees I ask it from you, for my sake, for your own, and for the sake of God above us! I know Meehaul. If he got a blow from you on my account, he'd never forgive it to either you or me.'

She joined her hands in supplication to him as she knelt, and the tears chased each other like rain down her cheeks. The solemnity with which she insisted on gaining her point staggered Lamh Laudher not a little.

'There must be something nadher this,' he replied, 'that makes you set your heart on it so much. Ellen tell me the truth; what is it?'

'If I loved you less, John, an' my brother too, I wouldn't care so much about it. Remember that I'm a woman, an' on my knees before you. A blow from you would make him take your life or mine, sooner than that I should become your wife. You ought to know his temper.'

'You know, Ellen, I can't at heart refuse you any thing. I will not strike your brother.'

'You promise, before God, that no provocation will make you strike him?'

'That's hard, Ellen; but—well, I do before God, I won't—an' us for your sake I say it. Now get up, dear, get up. You have got me to do what no mortal livin' could bring me to, but yourself. I suppose that's what made you send Nanse M'Collum for my staff?'

Nanse M'Collum? When?'

'Why, a while ago. They told me a quare enough story, or rather no story at all, only that you couldn't come, an' I was to give up my staff to her by your ordhers?'

'She tould you false, John. I know nothing about what you say.'

'Well, Ellen,' replied Lamh Laudher, with a firm seriousness of manner, 'you have brought me into danger I do bi, without knowin' it.—For my own part, I don't care so much. Her unlucky aunt met me comin' here this evenin', and threatened both our family and yours. I know she would sink us into the earth if she could. Either she or your brother is at the bottom of this business, whatever it is. Your brother I don't fear; but she is to be dreaded, if all's true that's said about her.'

'No, John—she surely couldn't have the heart to harm you an' me. Oh, but I'm light now, since you did what I wanted you. No harm can come between you and Meehaul, for I often heard him say, when speakin' about his faction fights, that no one but a coward would strike an unresistin' man. Now come and see me past the Pedlar's Cairn, an' remember that you'll thank me for what I made you do this night. Come quickly—I'll be missed.'

They then passed on by a circuitous and retired path that led around the orchard, until he had conducted her in safety beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, which was so called from a heap of stones that had been loosely piled together, to mark the spot as a scene of a murder, whose history, thus perpetuated the custom of every passenger casting a stone upon the place, constituted one of the local traditions of the neighborhood.

After a tender good night, given in a truly poetical manner under the breaking light of a May moon, he found it necessary to retrace his steps by a path which wound round the orchard, and terminated in the public entrance to the town. Along this suburban street he had advanced but a short way, when he found himself overtaken and arrested by his bitter and determined foe, Meehaul Neil. The connexion between the promise that Ellen had extorted from him and this rencounter with her brother flashed upon him forcibly; he resolved, however, to be guided by her wishes, and with this purpose on his part, the following dialogue took place between the heads of the rival factions. When we say, however, that Lamh Laudher was the head of his party, we beg to be understood as alluding only to his personal courage and prowess; for there were in it men of far greater wealth and of higher respectfully, so far as mere wealth could confer the latter.

'Lamh Laudher,' said Meehaul, 'when ever a Neil speaks to you, you may know it's not in friendship.'

'I know that, Meehaul Neil, without hearin' it from you. Speak; what have you to say?'

'There was a time,' observed the other, 'when you and I were enemies only because our *cleavens* were enemies; but now there is, an' you know it a blacker hatred between us.'

'I would rather there was not, Meehaul; for my own part, I have no ill-will against either you or yours, an' *you know* that; so when you talk of hatred, spake only for yourself.'

'Don't be mane, man,' said Neil, 'don't make them that hates you, despise you into the bargain.'

Lamh Laudher turned towards him fiercely, and his eye gleamed with passion; but he immediately recollected himself, and simply said—

'What is your business with me this night, Meehaul Neil?'

'You'll know that soon enough—sooner, maybe, than you wish. I now ask you to tell me, if you are an honest man, where you have been?'

'I'm as honest, Meehaul, as any man that ever carried the name of Neil upon him, an' yet I won't tell you that, till you show me what right you have to ask me.'

'I b'lieve you forgot that I'm Ellen Neil's brother: now, Lamh Laudher, *as* her brother, I choose to insist on your answerin' me.'

'Is it *her* wish?'

'Suppose I say it is?'

'Ay! but I won't suppose that, till you lay your right hand on your heart, and declare as an honest man, that—tut, man—this is nonesense. Meehaul, go home—I would rather there was friendship between us.'

'You were with Ellen this night in the Grassy Quarry.'

'Are you sure of that?'

'I saw you both—I watched you both; you left her beyond the Pedlar's Cairn, an' you're now on your way home.'

'An' the more mane you, Meehaul, to become a spy upon a girl that you know is as pure as the light from heaven. You ought to blush for doubtin' sich a sister, or thinkin' it your duty to watch her as you do.'

'Lamh Laudher, you say that you'd rather there was no ill-will between us.'

'I say that, God knows, from my heart out.'

'Then there's one way that it may be so.—Give up Ellen; you'll find it for your own interest to do so.'

'Show me that, Meehaul.'

'Give her up, I say, an' then I may tell you.'

'Meehaul, good night. Go home.'

They had now entered the principal street of the town, and as they proceeded in what appeared to be an earnest, perhaps a friendly conversation, many of their respective acquaintances, who lounged in the moonlight about their doors were not a little surprised at seeing them in close conferrence. When Lamh Laudher wished him good night, he had reached an off street which led towards his father's house, a circumstance at which he rejoiced, as it would have been the means, he hoped, of terminating a dialogue that was irksome to both parties.—He found himself, however, rather unexpectedly and rudely arrested by his companion.

'We can't part, Lamh Laudher,' said Meehaul, seizing him by the collar, 'till this business is settled—I mane till you promise to give my sister up.'

'Then we must stand here, Meehaul, as long as we live—an' I surely won't do that.'

'You *must* giver her up, man.'

'Must! Is it must from a Neil to a Lamh Laudher? You forget yourself, Meehaul: you are rich *now*, an' I'm poor *now*; but any old friend can tell you the differ between your grandfather an' mine. Must, indeed.'

'Ay; must is the word, an' I tell you that from this spot you won't go till you swear to do it; or this stick—an' it's a good one—will bring you to submission.'

'I have no stick, an' I suppose I may thank you for that.'

'What do you mane?' said Neil; 'but no matter—I don't want it. There—to the divil with it;' and as he spoke he flung it over the roof of the adjoining house. 'Now give up my sister, or take the consequence.'

'Meehaul, go home I say. You know I don't fear any single man that ever breached; but above all men on this earth, I wish to avoid a quarrel with *you*. Do you think, in the meantime, that even if I didn't care a straw for your sister, I could be mane enough to let myself be bullied out of her by you, or any of your faction? Never, Meehaul; so spare your breath an' go home.'

Several common acquaintances had collected about them, who certainly listened to this angry dialogue between the two faction-leaders with great interest. Both were powerful men, young, strong and muscular. Meehaul, of the two, was taller, his height being above six feet, his strength, courage, and activity, unquestionably very great. Lamh Laudher, however, was as fine a model of physical strength, just proportion, and manly health, as ever was created; his arms, in particular, were terrific strength, a physical advantage so peculiar to his family as to occasion the epithet by which it was known. He had scarcely uttered the reply we have written, when Meehaul with his whole strength aimed a blow at his stomach, which the other so far turned aside, as to bring it higher up on his chest. He staggered back, after receiving it, about seven or eight yards, but did not fall. His eye literally blazed, and for a moment he seemed disposed to act under the strong impulse of self-defence. The solemnity of his promise to Ellen, however recurred to him in time to restrain his uplifted arm. By a strong and sudden effort he endeavored to compose himself and succeeded. He approached Meehaul, and with as much calmness as he could assume, said:—

'Meehaul, I stand before you, an' you may strike, but I won't return your blows; I have reasons for it, but I tell you the truth.'

'You won't fight?' said Meehaul with mingled rage and scorn.

'No,' replied the other, 'I won't fight you.'

A murmur of 'shame' and 'coward' was heard from those who had been drawn together by their quarrel.

'*Dher ma chorp*,' they exclaimed with astonishment, 'but Lamh Laudher's afeard of him!—the *garran bane's* in him, now that he finds he has met his match.'

'Why, hard fortune to you, Lamh Laudher, will you take a blow from a Neil? Are you goin' to disgrace your name?'

'I won't fight him,' replied he to whom they spoke, and the uncertainty of his manner, was taken for want of courage.

'Then,' said Meehaul, 'here, before witnesses, I give you the *coward*, that you may carry the name to the last hour of your life.'

He inflicted, when uttering the words, a blow with his open hand on Lamh Laudher's cheek, after which he desired the spectators to bear witness to what he had done. The whole crowd was mute with astonishment, not a murmur more was heard; but they looked upon the two rival champions, and then upon each other with amazement. The high-minded young man had but one course to pursue. Let the consequence be what it may, he could not think for a moment of compromising the character of Ellen, nor violating his promise, so solemnly given; with a flushed cheek, therefore, and a brow redder even with shame than indignation, he left the crowd without speakin a word, for he feared that by indulging in any further recrimination on the subject, his resolution might give way under the impetuous resentment which he curbed in with such difficulty.

Meehaul Neil paused and looked after him, equally struck with surprise and contempt at his apparent want of spirit.

'Well,' he exclaimed to those who stood about him, 'by the life within me, if all the parish had sworn that Lamh Laudher Oge was a coward, I'd not 'a' b'lieved them!'

'Faix, Misther Neil, who would, no more than yourself?' they replied; 'devil the likes of it ever we seen! The young fellow that no man could stand afore five minutes!'

'That is,' replied others, 'bekase he never met a man that could fight him. You see when he did, how he has turned out. One thing, any how, is clear enough—afther this he can never rise his head while he lives.'

Meehaul now directed his steps homewards, literally stunned by the unexpected cowardice of his enemy. On approaching his father's door, he found Nell M'Collum seated on a stone bench, waiting his arrival. The moment she espied him she sprang to her feet, and with her usual eagerness of manner, caught the breast of his coat, and turning him round towards the moonlight, looked eagerly into his face.

'Well,' she inquired, 'did he show his firearms? Eh? What was done?'

'Somebody has been makin' a fool of you, Nell,' replied Meehaul, 'he had neither firearms nor staff, nor any thing else, an' for my part, I might as well have left mine at home.'

'Well, but diouol, man, what was done?—Did you smash him? Did you break his bones?'

'None of that Nell, but worse; he's disgraced for ever. I struck him, an' he refused to fight me; he hadn't a hand raise.'

'No, *Dher Chiernah* he had not; an' he may thank Nell M'Collum for that. I put the weakness over him. But I've not done wid him yet. I'll make that family curse the day they crossed Nell M'Collum, if I should go down for it. Not that I have any ill-will to the boy himself, but the farther's heart's in him, an' that's the way Meehaul, I'll punish the man that was the means of lavin' me as I am.'

'Nell, the devil's in your heart,' replied Meehaul, 'if ever he was in mortal's. Lave me, woman: I can't bear your revengeful spirit, an' what's more, I don't want you to interfere in this business, good, bad or indifferent.

[SEE SECOND PAGE.]

THE RESURECTION,
OR
PERSIAN PILLS.

THESE Pills raise from the greatest weakness, distress, and suffering, to a state of strength, health, and happiness. The name of these pills originated from the circumstance of the medicine being found only in the cemeteries of Persia. This vegetable production being of a peculiar kind, led to experiments as to its medical qualities and virtues. In half a century it became an established medicine for the diseases of that country. The extract of this singular production was introduced into some parts of Europe in the year 1783, and used by many celebrated physicians in curing certain diseases, where all other medicines had been used in vain. Early in the year 1792, the extract was combined with a certain vegetable medicine imported from Dara Baca, in the East Indies, and formed into pills. The admirable effect of this compound upon the human system, led physicians and families into its general use. Their long established character, their universal and healing virtues, the detergent and cleansing qualities of their specified action upon the glandular part of the system, are such as will sustain their reputation and general use in the American Republic.

☞TO MOTHERS.☜

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GENTS.—Hearing much said about the extraordinary effects of the **Resurgection, or Persian Pills,** upon those about to become *Mothers*, we were induced to make a trial of them. My wife was at that time the mother of five children, and had suffered the most tedious and excruciating pains during and after her confinement of each. She had tried every means, and taken much medicine, but found little or no relief. She commenced taking the Persian Pills about three months before her confinement, (her health being very poor about that length of time previous,) and soon after was enabled, by their use, to attend to the cares of a mother to her family, until her confinement. At the time she commenced taking the Persian Pills, and for several weeks previous, she was afflicted with a dry hard cough, and frequent, severe cramps, which the use of the Pills entirely removed, before using half a box. It is with great confidence that *we advise all those about to become Mothers, to make use of the* **Persian Pills.** All those that have taken them in our neighborhood, have got along in the easiest manner, and are about house in a few days. There does not appear to be half the danger of other difficulties setting in after confinement, where these Pills are taken. We united say, let none neglect taking them, for they are in the reach of the poor as well as the rich. We are truly thankful that there is a remedy which bids fair to lessen the world of suffering, which many of them have to bear, and perhaps save the lives of thousands which otherwise would be lost.

Rochester, May 14, 1838: corner of Caledonia square, Edinburgh street. For further particulars, see subscribers.

S. ROBERTS,
A. O. ROBERTS.

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General Agent for the State of Maine, *SAMUEL ADAMS*, Hallowell.

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UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
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